

THE SCOTT COUNTY NEWSBOY.

PHIL. A. HANFERT, Publisher.
BENTON, MISSOURI

GOLDENROD.

Slight, airy, fairy, dainty flower,
A-way with every breeze
That sweeps above its slender spray
Like waves o'er sunny seas.
Tall, feathery spikes of golden light
Condensed from out the air,
Their loveliness would grace a throne
Sweet goldenrod, so fair.

Content to let its beauty glow
Along the humble lane,
To cheer the weary hearts of those
Whose lives are full of pain.
I pluck it from its lowly place,
The dry and withered rod,
And love it for its glowing grace—
Beautiful goldenrod!

Its plumes of fragrant beauty bright
Twine among my hair
And stand, encircled with golden light
Like gorgeous eastern hair.
Bright goldenrod, thy praise I sing—
Let me see some one, June,
I never heard of so rich thing
As goldenrod in June.

"That stuff! Why, law, Jane, now du tell!
I never see the beat.
What highfalutin' names they git
For every simple weed.
That's nothin', child, but yallerrod
I used for my hair was born
To color all your hair's wool skirts
And gran pa's stockin' yarn."

Mary Morrison, in Farm. Field and Fire-side.

Miss Sister's Sister

WHAT you got, Dannel? A letter?

"Yes; it's something for you, Hannah."

"Good land! Who's been writin' to me? I ain't had a letter I can't tell the time when. I'm most afraid to open it, Dannel. Mebbe it's got bad news."

"Bad news! Who from, I'd like to know? You're always expectin' something gloomy."

"Wal, there's a good deal that's gloomy in this world. You know that's well as I do."

"Yes, Hannah, 'n' there's a good deal that ain't, too. He seldom spoils with so much vigor and decision when differing with his sister."

"You'd better open it 'n' read it to me; I don't feel as if I could, somehow."

Daniel Marston sat down in the old rocker by the west window. It was early August and almost sunset. Beautiful shafts of red light threw themselves over his thin, small figure, and his head, with its scanty gray hair.

He took open the envelope with his finger, but the letter would not come out. "I'm afraid I shall tear it all to pieces, Hannah."

"Wal, let me take it; I'll try 'n' see what I can do. I'm dreadful afraid somebody's dead."

"I s'pose somebody is somewhere," said Daniel, with a quick, short-lived twinkle lighting up his pale blue eyes.

"Good land! who do you think wants to come 'n' see us, Dannel?"

"Cousin Angeline!" said Daniel, in a low, timid interrogative.

"Now, how come you to be thinkin' o' her?" asked his sister with considerable asperity of manner. "You ain't been readin' right through the letter, like some o' them folks up in the city the papers tell about, have ye?"

"I came across a little picture yesterday in the green chest up in the garret, that she sent me a good many years ago, jest afore she got married. I guess she was kind o' in my mind. She used to be the chipperest girl 't I ever see in my life, 'n' she had such pretty curly hair."

"I was red," said Hannah.

"Wal, 't want real red, kind o' pink."

"We're too old to be chipper now, any of us. I don't see how I can have her, no way, Dannel; we ain't seen her this ten year."

"Wouldn't she kind o' 'liven us up?" asked Daniel, timidly. "We don't see many folks, you know."

"Wal, if you're tired o' havin' your pore old sister round, I s'pose I can write 'n' have a stranger come 'n' take my place."

Hannah's voice trembled, and her eyelids grew red, one tear gathering force enough to trickle slowly down her cheek like a slender rill, which has no good source behind it.

"I guess I wouldn't think anything about it, then—perhaps she might make ye some work. I didn't know but she could help along with the quilts; she used to be a master hand at sewin'." I could tackle up 'n' go to the deep for her as well as not, now I'm through with the hayin'."

"You'll have to write the letter, Dannel. I don't seem to feel like it, my stomach's so weak. I s'pose I shall be sorry I had her come. I don't want her meddlin' with my cookin'."

That day week the three cousins were seated in the best room, which led out of the kitchen. It was a mere box of a room, and had a musty odor, it was so seldom opened. Two large, old maps shaded the windows, and grew so near that they seemed like grim sentinels, forbidding the entrance of heaven's light and breath.

"I don't see you look much older 'n' you did ten or fifteen years ago, Angeline," said Daniel, as he crossed one leg over the other, and tried to make himself stationary in the slippery horsehair chair with its high, unyielding seat.

"Wal, I don't know's I feel old; I've got good health 'n' seven nice children! There ain't nothin' they don't try to do for me, since their poor father died. But I'm fifty-five next month. That's older 'n' you, Hannah, by three years."

"I ain't never had such health as you've had," said Hannah, as she left the low chair and took a seat in one of the back of which was tall and straight and stiff.

Her figure was lithe and firm and her complexion, though colorless, had the hue of health.

"Why, you never was sick but once, Hannah," said the brother, "n' that was more 'n' twenty years ago."

"Well, I ain't been real sick, but I don't seem to feel so strong as I was. I git dreadful tired washin' 'n' iron' the same day."

"I s'pose you would," said Daniel, as he got up. "What makes ye do it?"

"Good land! I alwuz did. You don't s'pose I'm goin' to have it 'round two days, do ye, for jest Dannel 'n' me 'n' Uram? I want to set down Tuesday. I'll piecin' calico to make some quilts. I'd ought to make three this fall, of I can."

"I'll take hold 'n' help, if you want me to, Hannah—of I shan't be in the way, I like to sew."

"Air your eyes good?"

"Eyes good? Why, yes, of course they be; what's to hinder? I don't never use glasses, nuther; I was always sort o' nearsighted, you know. Some say them kind of eyes is stronger 'n' others. I don't know. Why, you ain't feelin' like an old woman yet, are ye?"

"Trouble makes folks feel old, Angeline. We lost a cow in the spring, 'n' our chickens ain't done well this summer. Five died, or more; we'd ought to be hefty, if they'd done well."

"We've got some beauties left," said Daniel, "n' the man that keeps the hotel down by the lake says he'll take all we can spare, 'n' give a cent a pound more 'n' anybody else will. The money's all Hannah's, though. I don't want none of it. She works hard enough runnin' after 'em."

He did not say that a good share of the running after was done by himself, save on the few occasions when he chanced to be from home.

The second week in September had come, and Cousin Angeline's visit was almost over. She was to leave the next day but one.

"I wish you'd ride up to the lake with me to-morrow mornin'," said Daniel. "I'm goin' to see about a shoot. Sim Perkins has got a terrible nice one, 'n' I want to hev it if he don't charge too much."

"I hadn't ought to leave Hannah! She's got the bread to bake 'n' the kids to wash, 'n' I don't know what else."

"You go right 'long," said Hannah, in what was for her a very cheery tone. "There ain't any more work than what I kin do well enough. You've helped me so much sense you've been here that I feel more like what I used to be than I have this ten year. I declare for't, Angeline, I'd get to be so down-hearted I didn't seem to be one thing nor another. I thought I wanted somethin', 'n' I believe in my heart 'twas you I wanted all the time; 'n' Daniel, he ain't been so chipper up I don't know when."

"I thin' you want to start early, Daniel," said his cousin.

"I was calikatin' if we could hev breakfast by half-past five or so we might get off about half-past six, while it's cool; we're goin' to hev a hot day, jedgin' from the signs. The sun set awful red to-night."

A thin mist hovered over the earth, and the grass was heavy with dew. The air, already autumnal, enfolded the mountain tops with ashen veils, softening the tints and blurring the outlines. The old wagon, with its worn buffalo covering hanging over the back of the seat, was drawn by Daniel Marston, a twenty-year-old man, who jogged along with the reins dangling more loosely over her neck than ever, if could be; and the little frequent jerk was missing this morning. The wisdom of this laxity in discipline was apparently questioned, for the conscientious animal at length stopped short and turned her head to look at the couple behind. Seeing that her

master was in the usual place, she broke into a gentle, satisfied trot.

The lake was in view, and the air grew more invigorating. As they neared the water's edge the sun burst forth and poured down on the glassy surface a shower of diamonds.

Tiny waves curled up on the segment of beach, and a soft breeze stirred the little ringlets under Angeline's straw bonnet, which had been trimmed by the village milliner only the day before. "Go 'long, Jenny," said Daniel. "She don't care much for what I say," he added, looking across the water to the dark old mountain beyond.

"That's 'cause you're gentle with her, Daniel. I s'pose you never abused a dumb animal."

"No, I couldn't do that. Then, after a pause: 'I alwuz thought, Angie, that somehow I'd ought to a' bin married, if I'd found anybody that would a' cared about me. But I s'pose it's too late to be thinkin' o' that now."

"You ain't sixty yet, Daniel."

"No, but I'm close onto it. Go 'long, Jenny."

"You ain't called me Angie before since the day I told you I sent you my ambrotype. I never knew whether you got it, Daniel."

"Wal, I couldn't seem to make up my mind to say anything about it, but it's rolled up in a little silk handkerchief I meant to a'sent ye for a weddin' present. My courage kind o' give out, so ye never heard it. Go 'long, Jenny."

"Couldn't I hev it now?"

"Do you want it, Angie?"

No answer came. Daniel looked from out the tail of his eye at the round cheek with its pink tinge and saw two generous tears pouring down.

"Whoa, Jenny. I don't know's you'd do it, Angie, but can't ye come back 'n' live with us in the old house after ye've bin home 'n' seen the folks? Hannah, she would be dreadful pleased of ye would—to be her sister, ye know, Angie."

"I was jest thinkin' o' that, Daniel—I didn't know how she'd take it."

"I know—she told me yesterday."

A robin twittered along and with a glad chirrup circled up in the air, like Richter's lark, "with a loud day in his throat."

"The birds'll all be goin' now before long, Cousin Angie."

"We'll see 'em together next year, please God," said Angeline.

"Go 'long, Jenny," said Daniel, as he got up. "What makes ye do it?"

—Boston Transcript.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—She—"Do you believe in fortune-telling by cards?" He—"No; but I believe in fortune telling that way."—Boston Beacon.

—Little Man (golf enthusiast)—"Why don't you play golf?" Big Man (blond)—"Why? Because I object to chasing a quinine pill around a cow pasture."—Vogue.

—Mabelle—"Where is that perfectly lovely necktie you had on yesterday?" Millicent—"My brother is wearing it himself to-day."—Brooklyn Eagle.

—Managing Editor—"Which beat in the Ping Yang engagement?" Telegraph Editor—"Both sides, one to-day and the other yesterday."—Boston Transcript.

—Lady—"You said this coal was economical; why, it won't burn at all." Dealer—"Well, ma'am, what could you have more economical than that?"—Tid-Bits.

—What you been doin' all summer, Chummy?" "Been workin' at a summer hotel—waitin' on table through de heat 'n' leadin' de dancin' at night."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Amateur Poet—"It was at the time when my fiancé jilted me that I discovered my poetic vein and—" Good Friend—"Yes, yes; I have never come alone."—Fleegende Blätter.

—Tommy—"Paw, what is bigamy?" Mr. Figg—"It has reference to a man having too many wives. It has nothing to do, however, with a man's wife being too many for him."—Cincinnati Tribune.

—She (just taking up palimony)—"I don't suppose you believe that fortunes can be seen in one's hand?" He—"O, yes, I do; if the hand is the best one and there is no limit to the game."—Buffalo Courier.

—This paper," said Mr. Rafferty, "says that a fellow named 'What's His Name' 'Thot," said Mr. Dolan, "is the fallin' that comes ter a man who's got so lazy that loatin' is hard workin'."—Washington Star.

—Mills—"How is it that Dallas is so unpopular in your town?" He is rich, but he is very kind-hearted and generous. I don't think he has any enemies. I declare for't, Angeline, I'd get to be so down-hearted I didn't seem to be one thing nor another. I thought I wanted somethin', 'n' I believe in my heart 'twas you I wanted all the time; 'n' Daniel, he ain't been so chipper up I don't know when."

—The other day a Boston publishing house, which had recently brought out an edition of "The Complete Angler," received a letter addressed to Mr. Walton, Esq. It was from a clipping bureau, informing that gentleman that his book was attracting considerable attention, and requesting to be allowed to send notices from all papers in the United States and Canada.—Boston Herald.

—A teacher gave out words for analysis. "Bank-note" was one of them and the teacher's astonishment may be imagined when one young lady brought the following unique analysis: "Bank-note is a compound, primitive word, composed of 'bank' and 'note.' 'Bank' is a simple word, meaning the side of a stream, 'note' is set down by the side of a stream."—Vineyard Independent.

—The plump, prune and cherry need little water; comparatively; it is too much rain that makes the growth of these three sorts of fruit so rapid and abundant in the east. The country named rain falls there during the early spring to insure crops, and the one thing to do is to plant on a commercial scale. Success will follow. Half-way work and neglect will not insure success there noisewhere. What has been done on the plains of Colorado can be done in western Kansas.

—The apple and pear may also be grown in the same belt if enough work is done, but not so successfully, for the reason more water is required than for stone fruits which come to perfection in dry seasons. This year south, Nebraska and Kansas, in the rain belts, are coming to maturity. In the rain belts, there has been the usual summer rains the fruit would have rotted more or less, unless sprayed. These fruits must have a dry climate.

—Struggling farmers of western Kansas, who are trying to grow corn, should not wait until the usual annual drought, should know and realize the possibilities in the culture of these fruits. If they get a crop of corn it may net them ten dollars per acre; the stone fruit will net them several hundred dollars per acre, and a ten-acre orchard worth more than a quarter section devoted to general farming. Think of it, try it. But start right, cultivate right, and be sure and plant the best trees, the best sorts. The majority of the failures are made from planting wrong sorts, a mistake that ought to be avoided. The annual drought that burns out the corn, is just the weather needed for growing and insuring good crops of plums and prunes, especially for curing the prunes. Some of our friends in these very regions may be surprised to know that some of the finest fruit lands of the Pacific coast, only a few years ago, were considered a barren desert."

—A warning from the past.

"And did you have a love affair once, nunt?"

The pale face of the spinster aunt flushed, her eyes filled with tears. "Yes, dear," she answered. "I loved a noble, handsome young man, and he loved me; but we were parted by a cruel falsehood."

The young girl bent forward, listening eagerly.

"Yes," resumed the old maiden aunt in a tremulous voice. "We were parted by a cruel lie. A false friend, a girl who wished him for herself, basely told him I was studying elocution."

That night a maiden's golden tresses were put up in curl papers torn from the leaves of a volume entitled: "Twenty Standard Recitations." A young girl now lays does not need to have a house fall on her.—Vad.

PERSONALS.

M. HOMER, who has charge of the excavations at Belsh, has sent word to the Paris academy of inscriptions that he has found another fragment of the Apollo hymns. It contains twenty-eight lines with musical characters.

CONGRESSMAN PEEL, of Arkansas, has been engaged as general attorney for the Chickasaw nation at Washington, to succeed Gen. Paine. The office is a new one, paying two or three thousand dollars per year and ten per cent. of all claims and moneys recovered.

DR. FRANZ NEWMAN, who gives lectures on physics and mineralogy in the University of Konigsberg, is ninety-six years old and has lectured at this university since he was thirty. He was born near Berlin and was a soldier in the German war of liberation.

KARL WILHELM's latest part is that of a minnesinger. He has written a poem in praise of the charms and accomplishments of Queen Margherita of Italy, has composed the music to it, and sent the work to the queen. In thanking him she says the music is so beautiful that it should be published.

The Baptists in Sweden number 36,291. They have 550 churches.

A NEW INDUSTRY.

Revelation Regarding the Future of Arid Lands in the West.

The portions of the west which years ago were considered desert land, incapable of any utility to man, have grown less and less so, until the patient, intelligent skill of the farmer, until to-day waving green and evident prosperity reign where once the searing sand proclaimed only a dreary waste. In western Kansas, south-western Nebraska and the Cherokee Strip, as well as Colorado, New Mexico and further west, though by no means in the shape of revolutionizing and harassed by protracted droughts each summer which seared and burnt vegetation and caused the farmer to despair of eking out a bare existence. To the relief of this existing condition of affairs intelligent thought and skill have come, not in the shape of revolutionizing the natural conditions but in successful adaptation to those conditions. Where heretofore the farmer has been obliged to struggle along with the discouragement of seeing his crops in part burn up, he is now promised success and prosperity. The conditions which mean failure to the raising of the customary crops proclaim life and maturity to the plum, prune and tart cherries, for these can be grown on plains without irrigation water, simply by intense cultivation, and these, it would seem, will be the future crops of the sections named.

At this point the president of the leading Nursery company of Missouri says:

"After having observed the west for some years and noticing the fruit grown, not only on a commercial scale, but trees here and there, I am convinced that there is a great future for western Kansas, south-western Nebraska and the Cherokee Strip, as well as Colorado, New Mexico and further west, in the growing of the stone fruits, chiefly plums, prunes and cherries; of the latter such varieties as Montana, Suda Hardy, Ostheimer, etc., the Lombard plum, the gages, prunes, etc. Some of the advantages are, favorable climate, a soil wonderfully rich, fifteen hundred miles nearer the market than the Pacific coast, cheap land, cheap rates, cheap labor, and the greatest advantage of all, in shipping green fruit, is that it may be allowed to come to maturity instead of picking green as they do on the coast. The fruit will be for the same reason sold one-third higher on the Chicago markets, as Colorado peaches for the same reason sell one-third higher on the Denver markets than California sorts."

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INDUSTRIAL FIGURES.

The number of idle cotton operatives in Fall River is placed at 23,250.

Almost five-eighths of the steamers in the world are under the British flag. The Texas Live Stock Journal thinks there are 1,500,000 fewer cattle in that state than there were at this time two years ago.

ESTIMATES by the director of the mint place the gold product of the world at \$175,000,000, an increase of \$6,000,000 over the amount stated in the annual report.

In 1876 the West Virginia oil territory produced 120,000 barrels, in 1893 it produced 1,541,212, or a total of nearly 30,000,000 barrels since the first well was bored. About 2,000 wells are now in operation, representing an outlay of over \$13,000,000.—Manufacturers' Record.

DURING the past five years the production of tin in the Dutch East Indies and the Straits Settlements has increased greatly. The shipments to Europe and America to the end of August, 1894, were 44,118 tons, as against 37,557 tons in 1890. The syndicate which is trying to corner the market will have to obtain control of this source of supply to succeed, as well as of the visible supply, which was over 20,000 tons in August and only 14,000 tons a year ago.—Westminster Gazette.

THE average whale is from 50 to 65 feet in length and 35 feet in circumference. The jawbones are 20 to 25 feet long, and a tongue has been known to yield almost a ton of oil.

AN Antarctic iceberg has been seen that was 20 miles wide, 40 miles in length and 400 feet in height; a square township or two could break off from this and hardly affect it.

THERE are only one or two places in Boston and New York where foreign postage stamps can be bought to inclose in letters sent abroad for return postage, and even at these places a price nearly double the face value of the stamp is asked.

FASHION'S MIRROR.

SHORT jackets cut square in front are used for little girls from four to ten years of age.

SLACKS in sleeves, showing a different material underneath, are seen on many of the new models.

The divided skirt for bicycle riders is an accomplished fact, since it has received the sanction of fashion.

The new sleeves for autumn are no smaller than those now worn, but there is a tendency to do away with bertha and the extreme ruffles trimming, which add such breadth to the carriage.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 15, 1894.

CATTLE—Native Steers, \$4.12 1/2 to \$5.25; Foreign Steers, \$4.12 1/2 to \$5.25; HOGS—Pork, \$10.00 to \$11.00; LARD—Prime, \$10.00 to \$11.00.

WHEAT—No. 1, \$1.10 to \$1.20; No. 2, \$1.00 to \$1.10; No. 3, \$0.90 to \$1.00; No. 4, \$0.80 to \$0.90; No. 5, \$0.70 to \$0.80; No. 6, \$0.60 to \$0.70; No. 7, \$0.50 to \$0.60; No. 8, \$0.40 to \$0.50; No. 9, \$0.30 to \$0.40; No. 10, \$0.20 to \$0.30; No. 11, \$0.10 to \$0.20; No. 12, \$0.00 to \$0.10.

COFFEE—Arabica, \$1.00 to \$1.10; Robusta, \$0.80 to \$0.90; Sugar, \$0.10 to \$0.20; Rice, \$0.00 to \$0.10; Beans, \$0.00 to \$0.10; Peas, \$0.00 to \$0.10; Lentils, \$0.00 to \$0.10; Corn, \$0.00 to \$0.10; Oats, \$0.00 to \$0.10; Barley, \$0.00 to \$0.10; Rye, \$0.00 to \$0.10; Buckwheat, \$0.00 to \$0.10; Potatoes, \$0.00 to \$0.10; Apples, \$0.00 to \$0.10; Pears, \$0.00 to \$0.10; Grapes, \$0.00 to \$0.10; Figs, \$0.00 to \$0.10; Dates, \$0.00 to \$0.10; Olives, \$0.00 to \$0.10; Nuts, \$0.00 to \$0.10; Berries, \$0.00 to \$0.10; Citrus fruits, \$0.00 to \$0.10; Tropical fruits, \$0.00 to \$0.10; Spices, \$0.00 to \$0.10; Herbs, \$0.00 to \$0.10; Flowers, \$0.00 to \$0.10; Seeds, \$0.00 to \$0.10; Fertilizers, \$0.00 to \$0.10; Pesticides, \$0.00 to \$0.10; Insecticides, \$0.00 to \$0.10; Disinfectants, \$0.00 to \$0.10; Antiseptics, \$0.00 to \$0.10; Anesthetics, \$0.00 to \$0.10; Narcotics, \$0.00 to \$0.10; Stimulants, \$0.00 to \$0.10; Sedatives, \$0.00 to \$0.10; Tonics, \$0.00 to \$0.10; Diuretics, \$0.00 to \$0.10; Laxatives, \$0.00 to \$0.10; Emetics, \$0.00 to \$0.10; Cathartics, \$0.00 to \$0.10; Antacids, \$0.00 to \$0.10; Antidotes, \$0.00 to \$0.10; Antidotes, \$0.00 to \$0.10; Antidotes, \$0.00 to \$0.10; Antidotes, \$0.00 to